

MARY HARTMAN
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EPISODE AIR #200

by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
CHARLIE	GRAHAM JARVIS
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
PAT	SUSAN BROWNING
GARTH	MARTIN MULL
WANDA	MARIAN MERCER
CHRISTINE	ANDRA AKERS
BRIAN	JOHN FINK
MAE O'LINSKI	SALOME JENS
JESS	
LT. TRASK	BILLY BECK
MAC SLATTERY	
A FEW WORKERS (possibly)	

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Lt. Trask)

ACT ONE

SCENE I

CAPRI LOUNGE - MORNING

JESS, THE OWNER, IS TAKING CHAIRS
OFF THE TABLES WHERE THEY HAVE
BEEN STACKED OVERNIGHT. MOMENT.
TOM, WEARING SUIT AND TIE, COMES
IN. HE TRIES TO ACT MORE CASUAL
AND AT EASE THAN HE FEELS.

TOM

Hi, Jess.

JESS

(SOMEWHAT SURPRISED TO SEE HIM) Good
morning, Mr. Hartman.

TOM

Sure is a beautiful day.

JESS

Yeah, sure is. What brings you around
here so early? A little pick-me-up
before going to work? Have a big night?

TOM

No, I just thought I'd have a cup of
coffee.

JESS

Sure thing. (PLACES CHAIR) Sit down.

TOM SITS. JESS PROCEEDS TO DRAW
AND SERVE HIM A CUP OF COFFEE,
THROUGH:

TOM

How's business?

JESS

Can't complain.

TOM

I guess you've got a pretty good thing going here. Between the bar and the bowling alley.

JESS

I'm doing okay.

TOM

Good. Glad to hear it.

JESS

How's the recreation vehicle business?

TOM

Oh, I'm not with Donally any more.

JESS

Really? How come?

TOM

Things were a little slow.

JESS

Yeah, I guess things are kind of slow all over. Something's got to be done to get the economy moving. If you ask me, the thing to do is to get rid of some of those bureaucrats and cut taxes.

TOM

I think you're right.

JESS

I know I'm right. I can't believe how much those bureaucrats nick me for taxes.

TOM

I can imagine.

JESS

So what're you gonna do, now that you're out of recreational vehicles?

TOM

I'm not sure yet, Jess. I'm keeping my options open.

JESS RESUMES UNSTACKING CHAIRS.
PAUSE.

TOM (CONT'D)

I hear you're looking for some new help.

JESS

Oh, just some guy to kind of take care of the bowling alley nights.

TOM

Sounds like interesting work.

JESS

Nah -- it's a flunkie job. Turning on lights, renting shoes, passing out pencils and score sheets. Any jerk can do it.

TOM

Oh, well... you got any other openings?

JESS

Just the day shift bartending.

TOM

Yeah? I might be interested in that one.

JESS

You're kidding.

TOM

No -- I'd make a swell bartender. I mix great drinks. I know just how to set 'em up. And believe me, I understand the problem drinker. I really understand people, you know? I mean, that's what being a good bartender is all about -- listening to people's problems. Helping people. And keeping an eye on the cash register.

JESS

I don't know, Tom. I was really just looking for some kid, maybe a dropout, to make himself useful around here.

TOM

Well, if some kid could do the job, I'm sure I could do it.

JESS

You'd be great...

TOM

I'm a hard worker. Reliable. Dependent.

JESS

Mr. Hartman, you're kind of a big guy in this town.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

You graduated from high school, you were a basketball star. I used to watch you play all the time -- you were good.

You've even made it to general manager of an R.V. business. You're a self-made man and I admire you for it.

TOM

Thanks, Jess.

JESS

And that's why I can't give you a job sloshing drinks and wiping tables. I can't bear to see you here night after night. I can't do it to you.

TOM

Are you saying I don't get the job?

JESS

Tom, it wouldn't work out.

TOM

(WOUNDED) If that's the way you feel about it. (RISES) What do I owe you for the coffee?

JESS

It's on the house.

TOM

Thanks.

JESS

Any time, Tom. For you, any time.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2MARY'S KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

MARY UPSET, AND TOM DEPRESSED.

MARY

Not qualified to be a bartender? How can he say such a thing? You of all people are definitely qualified for that.

TOM

That's the thing, Mary. I'm over qualified.

MARY

Over-qualified? How can a person be over-qualified? There are some things you can't be "over". You can't be over rich or over attractive or over smart. Over-sexed, maybe. But a person can't be over-qualified. All that means is that he'd do a better than qualified job.

TOM

I know. It doesn't make any sense. I mean everybody says the American way is to improve yourself. Okay, so I improved myself. And so what? I've improved myself right out of a job I could have had if I was still a dumb jerk... I'm sorry, Mary.

MARY

Sorry you're not still a dumb jerk?

TOM

No, I'm sorry about the way I've let you down. I thought I was on the way up to being a big important executive. Making lots of money for you. And look at me: I'm just another unemployed statistic.

MARY

It's no disgrace to be unemployed. Even the President of the United States is about to be unemployed.

TOM

I was hoping I was on the way to making you proud of me.

MARY

I'll always be proud of you. No matter what you do. Of course, I wouldn't be proud of you if you robbed a bank or something. But you don't have to be a big executive and play tennis. I just want you to be you and me to be me.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO PHONE) Hello... Oh. (COVERING PHONE SO TOM CAN'T HEAR) Brian... this better be what I think... or you-know-who won't get you-know-what which is due any day now... All right. A deal's a deal. (THEN LOUDLY) Hold the wire, please.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO TOM) It's for you. Guess who it is. You'll never guess. It's Brian Addams. Just imagine. Brian Addams, the son-in-law of the head of the whole automobile plant. I wonder why he's calling you. What a surprise.

TOM

(TO PHONE) Hello... Yes... (BECOMING VISIBLY AND QUICKLY BUCKED UP) Well, sure... You bet... Okay... Thanks a lot for calling. (HANGS UP. TO MARY) Guess what.

MARY

I give up.

TOM

He says he's got a job for me. He wants me to come down to the plant and talk to him.

MARY

No... I'm glad I didn't try to guess. I never would have guessed it.

TOM

It's got to be some kind of an executive job. Nothing like that idiot job I used to have there. Mr. Brian Addams wouldn't call me personally about anything like that.

MARY

Well...

TOM

(GETTING ALL EXCITED, NO AMBIVALENCE)

See? See how the system works?! Don't
give up! Don't be a quitter! Just hang
in there, fight, fight, fight, and you'll
go up up up that executive ladder!

MARY

Well, just as long as you don't get your
hopes up...

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOJEETER LIVING ROOM - SAME MORNING

EMPTY. FRONT DOOR OPENS AND WANDA COMES HOME, CARRYING A LARGE, WRAPPED PACKAGE. SHE DOPFS COAT, TEARS OPEN THE PACKAGE WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE A STACK OF POSTERS, EACH A LARGE PHOTO OF MERLE, UNDER WHICH IS THE LEGEND: "TONIGHT! MAYOR MERLE JEETER SPEAKS ON FERNWOOD: WATCHDOG OF DEMOCRACY".
MOMENT.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

WANDA OPENS DOOR, ADMITTING MAE.

MAE

Mrs. Jeeter?

WANDA

Yes...

MAE

I'm Mae Olinski.

WANDA

Mae Olinski? Of the Olinski Report?

Oh, please come on in.

MAE

(ENTERING) Thank you.

WANDA

Oh, Ms. Olinski...

MAE

Just call me Mae.

WANDA

Mae. Oh, Mae, those questionnaires you sent were wonderful. So eye-opening... so honest.

MAE

I'm glad you think so, Mrs. Jeeter, because I'm here to enlist your help in their behalf.

WANDA

Oh?

MAE

Actually, you'd be helping the women of Fernwood to realize their potential.

WANDA

To do what?

MAE

Well, in my tabulation of the Fernwood questionnaires, I've come across a startling statistic. You may find this hard to believe... but most of the women in Fernwood have never reached their peak with their partners.

WANDA

You may find this hard to believe, but I don't find that hard to believe at all.

MAE

Research in other communities has produced
the same results.

WANDA

Or lack of results...

MAE

But not for lack of desire to achieve.

WANDA

Oh, I do like women achievers --
aggressive and assertive women like
Gloria Steinam, Erica Jong, Bella Abzug...

MAE

The raging fires of sexual passion are
very much alive. What is lacking is the
method.

WANDA

You mean a method to the madness?

MAE

So to speak. I plan to use Fernwood as a
launching pad to heighten the awareness
of sexual activity across the country.

WANDA

To fly high!

MAE

To soar... !

WANDA

Actually... I'm more of a floater myself.

MAE

Mellow... savoring every moment? I know,
me, too.

WANDA

Mmmmmmmmm.

MAE

Every woman has different tastes -- just
as in clothes or food or men. What
matters is the fullness of the flavor.

WANDA

You're making me hungry.

MAE

I'm so sorry.

WANDA

Don't be. I'm not. (SORRY)

MAE

Dating back to cave men -- women have
learned to judge themselves and their
sexual performance by male standards.
Who were the doctors? Men. Who were
the warriors? Men. And who were the
lovers? Ah, men.

WANDA

(CYNICALLY) Praise the Lord.

MAE

See -- there it is again. Men wrote the
Bible... and men imposed their values
of women into it.

WANDA

"Wives, obey your husbands..."

MAE

Right. Don Juan was the greatest lover.
Marc Antony lured Cleopatra to his bed...
and Henry the Eighth had eight wives...
Did anyone ask the women how they felt?

WANDA

No!

MAE

I want every single woman in America to
realize sex is meant to entertain both
partners.

WANDA

It's much better than a variety show.

MAE

And we have to begin by educating our
men -- telling them what women need...
what women want... telling them that
their age-old method of lovemaking, for
all these long, hard years, has finally
been proven to be totally unstimulating
and useless.

WANDA

(SHOCKED) Useless???

MAE

Useless.

WANDA

What can I do?

MAE

We need your influence, Wanda.

WANDA

I'll be glad to help. I'll do what I can to get my husband to endorse your work and expedite meeting permits and all that sort of thing.

MAE

That's fine, but I'm not asking for his help. I'm asking for your help. You're the First Lady of Fernwood. You're a public figure in your own right.

WANDA

(LIKING THIS IMAGE) That's right. I am, aren't I?

MAE

That's right. And we need your influence.

WANDA

(STARTING TO GET A SENSE OF HER OWN POWER)

Really?!! My influence?!

MAE

The skywriting was only the first step. We'll need meetings, press conferences, television and radio spots. And -- we've got to set our demands.

WANDA

Demands?

MAE

Women have to demand their equal share
of sexual pleasure, or else.

WANDA

Or else what?

MAE

Or else we boycott the bedroom.

WANDA

That's pretty drastic. I wonder if
they'd call out the National Guard???

ON THEIR PLOTTING FACES WE:

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEPLANT COFFEE ROOM - AFTERNOON

A FEW WORKERS AT TABLE(S) HAVING COFFEE. CHARLIE, JUST ABOUT FRANTIC, IS ON THE PAY PHONE.

CHARLIE

(TO PHONE) Hello? Sergeant Johnson?... This is Charlie Hagers. Did you find my wife yet?... I know I called you an hour ago, but that should be enough time to find a missing person... Well, they do it on Kojak all the time, even with time out for commercials... What do you mean, "relax"??? How can I relax?? Not when I tell you Loretta was a no-show for a recording session which it was the most important thing in her life?

TOM, IN HIS SUIT, ENTERS. HE APPROACHES CHARLIE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(TO PHONE) Okay, call me as soon as you know something. (HANGS UP)

TOM

Any word?

CHARLIE

No. If they don't find Loretta pretty soon, I'm going to go plumb wall-eyed crazy!

TOM

Take it easy, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Take it easy??? Why does everybody keep telling me to take it easy?? Why is it the harder it is to take something, the more everybody keeps saying "Take it easy"??

TOM

(SOOTHING) Okay, Charlie, okay. (LEADING HIM TO A TABLE) Sit down. I'll get us some coffee.

CHARLIE SITS. TOM MOVES TOWARD COFFEE DISPENSER, AND CHARLIE, TOO AGITATED TO SIT, RISES AND STARTS TO PACE. TOM RETURNS WITH TWO CARTONS OF COFFEE.

TOM (CONT'D)

(SOOTHING) Come on. Sit down.

THEY SIT.

TOM (CONT'D)

Take it easy.

CHARLIE REACTS. TOM REALIZES HE SAID "TAKE IT EASY" AGAIN.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, I got yours black with sugar.

Right?

CHARLIE

Thanks, Tom, but the way my stomach's tied up in knots, I couldn't get anything into it with a crow-bar.

TOM

Charlie, Loretta's gonna turn up pretty soon. She's gonna be all right. I'm sure of it. I just know.

CHARLIE

(NOT AT ALL CONSOLED; AS IF TOM HAD NOT SPOKEN) Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy. Why do me and Loretta always get dumped on by a wagon-load of bad luck just when it seems all our dreams of success is right on the verge of coming true.

TOM

I know how you feel, pal.

CHARLIE

How can you? You're streaking up the ladder of success faster'n a greased pig. What kind of an executive is Brian Addams gonna make you? How'd your meeting go?

TOM

Haven't had it yet.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, good luck.

TOM

Thanks, Charlie, I know it's hard for you to say that now, in the state you're in.

CHARLIE

Hey, Tom, you don't think Loretta's gone off with some other guy, do you?

TOM

No way. That's one thing you don't have to worry about. That Loretta is one faithful wife.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I guess you're right. I don't know what it is about me that makes her so fierce full of the fidelities. I'm sure not your average Robert Redford.

TOM

Well, you know what they say: beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I just don't understand how anybody can behold me and not get a pain in the eye. (PAUSE)

TOM

C'mon, Charlie -- I hate to see you like this.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. It's just that when I think about how happy I was a year ago -- sitting in this same chair, at this same table...

TOM

(REMINISCING TOO) I was sitting here too...

CHARLIE

Same plant, same job, same rotten coffee, same guys working here...

TOM

Yeah... except that guy over there. The one in the blue shirt. I never saw him before.

CHARLIE

Oh, he doesn't work here.

TOM

Oh?

CHARLIE

He's a trucker. He makes deliveries from Dayton. Name of Mac Slattery. Hiya, Mac. (CHARLIE WAVES TO HIM)

CUT TO MAC, WAVING BACK WARMLY.
CAMERA STAYS ON MAC TILL FADE OUT.

TOM

Well, at least in his job, he gets a little change of scenery.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON MAC SLATTERY
AS CHARLIE SAYS HIS SPEECH.

CHARLIE

Some scenery. I've been to Dayton.

There's nothing there I ever want
to see again.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURMARY'S KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

MARY AND PAT ARE COOKING DINNER. KITCHEN IS COVERED WITH BAKING DEBRIS. THEY ARE BAKING TO TAKE THEIR MINDS OFF PAT AND MARY'S PROBLEMS.

MARY

You really don't have to help me with the cooking.

PAT

As long as I'm taking advantage of your hospitality, it's the least I can do for you.

MARY

No, no, no. It's the most, actually.

PAT

Mary, I've been thinking. Maybe I ought to go back to Garth.

MARY

What?? And be battered again? Pat, you're not one of those weird people, are you? You can tell me. It won't make any difference in our friendship. Except that I'll think you're weird.

PAT

What weird people?

MARY

You know, those people who pose for pictures -- they wear funny leather clothes with whips. That like to be battered. You're not one of those, are you?

PAT

Oh, no! I'm very shy about being photographed. And I'm allergic to leather.

MARY

Good. I'm glad. I mean, it's bad enough to be battered without enjoying it. I mean that's weird. So why do you want to go back to Garth?

PAT

Well, Little Garth and I just can't go on indefinitely imposing on your hospitality.

MARY

It's no imposition. Of course, Tom and I can't sleep together anymore, which is making both of us very nervous, and our grocery bills are getting out of sight, and we have no privacy. But it's no imposition. I mean, what are friends for?

PAT

Mary, I can't explain this and it
doesn't make much sense to me -- but
I miss Garth.

MARY

No, no, Pat -- you may miss being married,
but I don't believe you miss your actual
husband.

PAT

I really think I do...

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR.

PAT JUMPS; SCARED.

PAT (CONT'D)

That may be him!

MARY

(CALMING HER) It's all right, Pat.
He can't hurt you here -- in my house.
Not without a search warrant, anyway.
MARY. CROSSES TO DOOR) And it's
probably not him.

MARY OPENS THE DOOR. IT'S GARTH.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hello, Garth -- we're baking! Is it
possible that we could not be disturbed.

GARTH ONLY HAS EYES FOR PAT AND
HE IS ALL SWEET, LOVING GENTLENESS.

GARTH

Patty, I've missed you.

PAT

(BACKING AWAY EVER SO SLIGHTLY -- WITH A
FRYING PAN BEHIND HER BACK) Hello, Garth.

GARTH

I'm sorry, sweetheart. Sorry for
everything I've done, everything you've
done. I take the blame for it all.

MARY

It takes a big man, Big Garth.

PAT

(SOFTENING; TO GARTH) Really?

GARTH

Come home with me and let me prove how
happy we could be.

MARY

(PAT WOULD NEVER FALL FOR THIS) HAH!..

PAT

(PUTTING DOWN FRYING PAN) Do you really
mean it?

GARTH

More than I've ever meant anything.

PAT

(TO MARY) I've got to do it.

(TO GARTH) Oh, Garth!

GARTH

Oh, Kiddo!

THEY EMBRACE. THERE'S A KNOCK
ON THE DOOR (WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT
AJAR BY GARTH ON HIS WAY INTO THE
HOUSE). LT. TRASK POKES HIS HEAD IN.

LT. TRASK

Lieutenant Trask here.

MARY

(INDICATING PAT AND GARTH) It's okay,
Lieutenant. Everything is all right here
-- so far.

LT. TRASK

(NOT UNDERSTANDING) I'm here on the
missing Hagers case.

MARY

Oh -- Did you find Loretta?

LT. TRASK

No, ma'am. We don't seem to have any
clues. I was hoping that you would have
some idea of where she might have gone.

MARY

No, I don't, but I think you ought to
look up an article I read in Reader's
Digest. I think it was in 1973. Or
maybe 1971. Or maybe you did read it.
It was called, "Warning To Young Girls:
Never Travel Alone".

LT. TRASK

No, ma'am. I think I missed that month.

GARTH

(TO PAT) C'mon, honey. Let's leave
these good people alone.

PAT

(DOCILE) Alright, Garth. Goodbye, Mary.

ADLIB GOODBYES AND GOOD LUCKS
AS PAT AND GARTH EXIT.

MARY

(TO LT. TRASK) Well, it was all about what can happen to young girls who travel alone. That's why it was called Warning to Young Girls: Never Travel Alone. It told how white slavers operate. That's against the law in Ohio, isn't it?

LT. TRASK

Yes, Ma'am.

MARY

Good. Good. I think that's a good law.

A very good law.

BRIAN COMES IN, HIGHLY EXCITED.

BRIAN

Oh, thank goodness you're home. This is it!

MARY

What is it?

BRIAN

The baby is on its way.

MARY

No. No. This is no time for anybody to have a baby in my house.

BRIAN

Why not?

MARY

The doctor isn't here.

BRIAN

I've called him. He'll be here any minute. I'll be right back. (EXITS QUICKLY)

LT. TRASK

Who's having a baby?

MARY

My sister.

BRIAN ENTERS, HELPING CHRISTINE WHO IS APPARENTLY HAVING LABOR PAINS.

LT. TRASK

(TO MARY) Is that your sister?

MARY

No. This is a very complicated obstetrical case.

LT. TRASK

Is this lady having a baby here, too?

MARY

No. She's having padding.

LT. TRASK

Beg pardon?

CATHY TOTTERS IN, READY TO FOAL.

CATHY

Ohhhhhh!

MARY

My God, this is it!

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #200